NUMB. LXI.

The GUARDIAN.

——— Primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum. Ovid.

Thurſday, May 21. 1713.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that Mankind are no leſs, in Proportion, accountable for the ill Uſe of their Dominion over Creatures of the lower Rank of Beings, than for the Exerciſe of Tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the Inferior Creation is ſubmitted to our Power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our Miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very Condition of Nature renders theſe Creatures incapable of receiving any Recompence in another Life for their ill Treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious Animals, which have Qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid Mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by Hunger. Man, on the other Hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive Animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome Reflection upon Human Nature it ſelf, that few People take Delight in ſeeing Beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this Temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing Character of our own Nation, from the Obſervation which is made by Foreigners of our beloved Paſtimes, *Bear-baiting*, *Cock-fighting*, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has Life, meerly out of Wantonneſs; yet in this Principle our Children are bred up, and one of the firſt Pleaſures we allow them, is the Licence of inflicting Pain upon poor Animals: Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what Life is our ſelves, we make it our Sport to take it from other Creatures. I cannot but believe a very good Uſe might be made of the Fancy which Children have for Birds and Inſects. Mr. *Lock* takes Notice of a Mother who permitted them to her Children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entring them betimes into a daily Exerciſe of Humanity, and improving their very Diverſion to a Virtue.

I fancy too, ſome Advantage might be taken of the common Notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of Birds, as *Swallows* and *Martins*; this Opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the Confidence theſe Birds ſeem to put in us by building under our Roofs, ſo that it is a kind of Violation of the Laws of Hoſpitality to murder them. As for *Robin-red-breaſts* in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their Security to the old Ballad of *the Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this Prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the Preſervation of many innocent Creatures. Cruelty againſt this uſeful Domeſtick may be any Cauſe of the general Perſcution of *Owles*, (who are a ſort of feathered Cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable Pique the Moderns have taken to a ſerious Countenance, I ſhall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole Reaſon alledged for the Deſtruction of *Frogs* is becauſe they are like *Toads*. Yet amidſt all the Misfortunes of theſe unfriended Creatures, 'tis ſome Happineſs that we have not yet taken a Fancy to eat them: For ſhould our Countrymen refine upon the *French* never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard of Torments *Owles*, *Cats*, and *Frogs* may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to Men, we have another Succeſſion of Sanguinary Sports; in particular *Hunting*. I dare not attack a Diverſion which has ſuch Authority and Cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of Opinion, that the Agitation of that Exerciſe, with the Example and Number of the Chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe *Checks*, which Compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the Animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur *Fleury*, that this Sport is *a Remain of the* Gothic *Barbarity*; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain Cuſtom yet in Uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Goths*, or even the *Scythians*: I mean that Savage Compliment our Huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of Quality, who are preſent at the Death of a Stag, when they put the Knife in their Hands to cut the Throat of a helpleſs, trembling and weeping Creature.

——Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti ſimilis.——

But if our *Sports* are deſtructive, our *Glottony* is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. *Lobſters roaſted alive*, *Piggs whipp'd to Death*, *Fowls ſowed up*, are Teſtimonies of our outragious Luxury. Thoſe, who (as *Seneca* expreſſes it) divide their Lives betwixt an Anxious Conſcience and a Naſeated Stomach, have a juſt Reward of their Gluttony in the Diſeaſes it brings with it: For Human Savages, like other wild Beaſts, find Snares and Poyſon in the Proviſions of Life, and are allured by their Appetite to their Deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the Proſpect of one of their Kitchins cover'd with Blood, and filled with the Cries of Creatures expiring in Tortures. It gives one an Image of a *Giant's Den* in a Romance, beſtrow'd with the ſcattered Heads and mangled Limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his Cruelty.

The excellent *Plutarch* (who has more Strokes of

'Death; we at leaſt deſtroy a Soul that has Senſe 'and Perception — In the Life of *Cato* the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the Severe Diſpoſition of that Man to Diſcourſe in this manner. 'It ought to be 'eſteemed a Happineſs to Mankind, that our Hu-'manity has a wider Sphere to exert itſelf in, than 'bare Juſtice. It is no more than the Obligation of 'our very Birth to practiſe Equity to our own kind, 'but Humanity may be extended thro' the whole Or-'der of Creatures, even to the meaneſt: Such Ac-'ions of Charity are the Over-flowings of a mild 'Good nature on all below us. It is certainly the 'part of a well-natured Man to take care of his 'Horſes and Dogs, not only in expectation of their 'Labour while they are Foals and Whelps, but even 'when their old Age has made them incapable of 'Service.

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite Nation that rejected a Perſon of the firſt Quality, who ſtood for a Judiciary Office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his Youth, to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of Birds. And of another that expelled a Man out of the Senate for daſhing a Bird againſt the Ground which had taken ſhelter in his Boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the *Turks* are for their Humanity in this kind: I remember an *Arabian* Author, who has written a Treatiſe to ſhow, how far a Man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a Deſart Iſland, without any Inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other Man, may, by the pure Light of Nature, attain the Knowledge of Philoſophy and Virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that Univerſal Benevolence of Nature in the Protection and Preſervation of its Creatures. In Imitation of which, the firſt Act of Virtue he thinks his Self-taught Philoſopher would of Courſe fall into is, to Relieve and Aſſiſt all the Animals about him in their Wants and Diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetick Lines applicable to this Occaſion.

Quid meruiſtis oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in Vbere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vituque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruêre boves, animal ſine fraude dobiſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum —
Quam malè conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, Vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare poteſt! —

Perhaps that Voice or Cry ſo nearly reſembling the Human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different Animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our Pity, and prevent thoſe Cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our Fellow Creatures.

There is a Paſſage in the Book of *Jonas*, when God declares his Unwillingneſs to deſtroy *Nineveh*, where methinks that Compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt Rank of his Creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful Tenderneſs — *Should I not ſpare Nineveh the great City, wherein are more than ſix thouſand Perſons — And alſo much Cattel*? And we have in *Deuteronomy* a Precept of great Goodnature of this ſort, with a Bleſſing in Form annexed to it in thoſe Words. *If thou ſhalt find a Birds Neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take the Damm with the young: But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the Damm go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days.*

To conclude, there is certainly a Degree of Gratitude owing to thoſe Animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are Mortal or Noxious, we have a Right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of Advantage or Prejudice to us, the common Enjoyment of Life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole Matter, with regard to each of theſe Conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable Light in one of the *Perſian* Fables of *Pilpay*, with which I ſhall end this Paper.

A Traveller paſſing thro' a Thicket, and ſeeing a few Sparks of a Fire, which ſome Paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the Sparks caught hold of a Buſh, in the midſt of which lay an Adder, and ſet it in Flames. The Adder intreated the Traveller's Aſſiſtance, who tying a Bag to the end of his Staff, reached it, and drew him out: He then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to Men, ſince he owed his Life to a Man's Compaſſion. The Adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate Good with Evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the Adder) than what you Men practiſe every Day, whoſe Cuſtom it is to requite Benefits with Ingratitude. If you can deny this Truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The Man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the Queſtion to it in what manner a good Turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the Uſage of Men (replied the Tree) by its contrary, I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred Years to protect them from the ſcorching Sun, and in requital they have cut down my Branches, and are going to ſaw my Body into Planks. Upon this the Adder inſulting the Man, he appealed to a ſecond Evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame Demand was made, and much the ſame Anſwer given, that among Men it was certainly ſo. I know it (ſaid the Cow) by woful Experience; for I have ſerved a Man this long time with Milk, Butter and Cheeſe, and brought him beſides a Calf every Year: but now I am old, he turns me into this Paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a Butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The Traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of Courteſie, one Trial more, to be finally judged by the next Beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the Story in all its Circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the Adder to enter in ſo narrow a Bag. The Adder to convince him went in again; when the Fox told the Man he had now his Enemy in his Power, and with that he faſtened the Bag, and cruſhed him to Pieces.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE Mathematical WATER THEATRE of the late ingenious Mr. Winſtanly, is now open'd, and will continue to be ſhewn every Evening between 5 and 6 of the Clock all this Month of May, and no longer this Seaſon; there is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-works, the like was never perform'd before; there is now added a May-Pole and Garland, with a Milk Maid and Fidler, and an edging of ſweet Flowers, all playing of, and a new flying Dragon with his Mouth full of Fire, Water and Perfumes, and a flying Boys with a flaming Torch, with Water playing out of the burning, and ſeven ſorts of Liquors, hot and cold, is taken out of the Curious Barrel, and given to the Spectators, with many other Curioſities. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 2 s. Firſt Gallery 1 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 6 d. This is at the lower End of Picadilly, towards Hide Park, and is known by a Wind-Mill upon the top of it, and is ſhown for the Benefit of his Widow.

This Day is Publiſh'd, the Second Edition of

A Funeral Sermon upon Mr. Noble. By a Neighbouring Miniſter. Printed for Sam. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little Britain. Price 3 d.

For SALE by the CANDLE,

To morrow, the 22d Inſtant, at 5 a-Clock in the Afternoon, at Garraway's Coffee houſe in Exchange Ally in Cornhil (only one Hogſhead of Claret in a Lot) viz. 96 Hogſheads of Excellent new French Clarets, Margaux la Fill, deep, bright, ſtrong, freſh, and of the true Flavour, neat, an entire Parcel, imported directly from Bourdeaux, and landed the 15th Inſtant at Cuſtom-houſe Key, now in a Cellar in the Gateway of Cuſtom-houſe Key aforeſaid. To be ſeen and taſted all this Day, and all Friday as above 'till the time of Sale. To be Sold by Tho. Tomkins Broker in Seething-lane in Tower-ſtreet.

Excellent new French Clarets and White Wine, of the true Flavour, newly landed, to compare with any Parcel, continues to be Sold with good Succeſs. To encourage a quick Sale, will be Sold from eighteen to twenty Pounds per Hogſhead, and by the Gallon at ſeven Shillings. Note, Incouragement will be given to thoſe that take a Quantity. Any Gentleman or Retailer, ſending a Penny-Poſt Letter, or Servant, to the French Wine-Vault under Skinner's Hall in Elbow Lane, may be ſupplyed with Care. Conſtant Attendance being given.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.